(not Fred) immediately recovered. I'm undecided about Swift.

When Frederick (not Fred) got up to go upstairs, Julia was mopping the floor. She hadn't put up her warning sign, because (as usual) Babs had put it away "where it belonged." Frederick (not Fred) marched toward the stairs, probably thinking about Louis, and slipped. I heard his broad back flop against the floor like a sack of flour. I bent down. He hadn't hit his head.

He saw me and started to moan. I offered to help him get up, but he said he didn't want to look. He knew there was blood all over. He was probably brain-damaged. I said I didn't think so, but we could discuss it in the office. I'd give him a couple of cigarettes. F-f-free? He felt better already.

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I learned the routines of the House. They certainly weren't enough, but they represented a starting point. I mean that literally, because I wrote my routines down and printed them out on a word processor, under the heading "Routines." I put them on a clipboard and carried them around for months, although after the first week I rarely if ever looked at them. They were symbolic. I believed that as long as I adhered to them I couldn't backslide as all of the others had, except Adam. Because of their painfully obvious inadequacy